Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as we to keepe the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the World,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Par. Younger then she, are happie Mothers made.

Capu. And too soone marde are those so early made:
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And she agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold, an old accustomd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as loue, and you among the store,
One more (most welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as doe lustie yong men feele,
When well apparelld *Aprill* on the heele
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see:
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come goe with me, goe sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My

My house and welcome, on th

Ser. Find them out whose
ten, that the Shoo-maker shou
Tayler with his Last, the Fi sh
with his Nets. But I am sent t
are heee writ, and can neuer fi
hath here writ (I must to the

Enter Benuo

Ben. Tut man one fire burn
One paine is lesned by anoth
Turne giddie, and be holpe by
One desperate griefe, cures wi
Take thou some new infection
And the ranke poyson of the

Romeo. Your Plantan leafe

Ben. For what I pray thee

Rom. For your broken shi

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou m

Rom. Not mad, but bound
Shut vp in Prison, kept witho
Whipt and tormented: and G

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray s

Rom. I mine owne fortune

Ser. Perhaps you haue lear
But I pray can you reade any t

Rom. I if I know the Lette

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest yo

Rom. Stay fellow, I can rea

He reades

Seigneur Martino, *and his wi*
and his beauteous sisters. the
Placentio, *and his lonely Neeces*
tine: *mine Uncle* Capulet *his w*
Rosaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valen
and the liuely Helena.
A faire Assembly, whither shou

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